



SLIDE OFF THE LOCKET.

snake in its grasp, was pressing upon her heart.

The form of the fiend as it bent over her looked like a distorted shadow,—like the outcome of a hallucination. The dagger alone appeared real and substantial.

As the point was level with her breast, the terror-stricken girl remembered Mansfield's words, and, by a superhuman effort, she clutched at the chain around her neck and pressed the locket upon her heart.

Then she was struck. She felt the dagger slide off the locket.

A yell of baffled rage, of agonized despair, rang in her ears.

The room swam round her, the awful figure vanished, she remembered no more. With a shriek she fell fainting to the ground.

(To be Continued To-morrow.)